

The Historie of

some liking, I shall be out of heart shortly, & then I shall haue no strength to repent. And I haue not forgotten what the inside of a Church is made of, I am a Pepper corne, a brewers horse, the inside of a Church. Company, villanous company hath bene the spoyle of me.

Bar. Sir Iohn, you are so fretfull, you cannot liue long.

Fal. Why there is it, come, sing me a bawdy Song, make me merry: I was as vertuously giuen, as a Gentleman need to bee, vertuous enough, swore little, dic'd not aboue seauen times a weeke, went to Bawdy house not aboue once in a quarter of an houre, paid money that I borrowed there or foure times, liued well, and in good compasse: and now I liue out of all order, out of compasse.

Bar. Why, you are so fatte, Sir Iohn, that you must needes be out of all compasse: out of all reasonable compasse, Sir Iohn.

Fal. Doe thou amend thy face, & Ile amend my life: thou art our Admirall, thou bearest the Lanterne in the Poope, but 'tis in the Nose of thee, thou art the King of the burning lampe.

Bar. Why Sir Iohn, my face does you no harme.

Fal. No, Ile be sworne, I make as good vse of it, as many a man doth of a Deaths head, or a *memento mori*. I neuer see thy face but I thinke vpon hell fire, and *Dines* that liued in Purple: for there he is in his Robes burning, burning. If thou wert any way giue to vertue, I would sweare by thy face: my oath should be, *By this fire, that's Gods Angel*: But thou art altogether giue ouer, and wert indeede. but for the light in thy face, the Sunne of vnter darkenesse. VWhen thou runst vp *Gads-hill* in the night, to catch my Horse, if I did not thinke that thou hadst been an *Ignis fatuus*, or a bal of wild-fire there's no purchase in Money. O thou art a perpetuall Tryumph, and euerslasting Bone-fire-light, thou hast saued me at thousand Markes in Linkes and Torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt *Tauerne* & *Tauerne*: But the Sacke that thou hast drunke me, would haue bought me Lights as good cheape, as the dearest Chandlers in *Europe*. I haue maintained that Salamander of yours, with fire, any time this two and thirtie years: God reward me for it.

Bar. Zlound, I would my face were in your belly.

Fal. Godamercy, so should I be sure to be heart-burnd.

How

Henry the Fourth.

How now, dame *Partlet* the Hen, haue you enquired yet who pickt my Pocket? *Enter host.*

Host. Why Sir Iohn, what do you thinke, Sir Iohn? do you thinke I keepe theeues in my house, I haue searcht, I haue enquired, so haz my husband, man by man, boy by boy, seruant by seruant: the right of a haire was neuer lost in my house before.

Fal. Yelie Hostesse, *Bardol* was shau'd, and lost many a haire: and Ile be sworne my Pocket was pickt: goeto, you are a woman, goe.

Host. Who I? I defie thee: Gods light, I was neuer cald so in mine owne house before.

Fal. Goeto, I know you well enough.

Host. No, Sir Iohn, you doe not know me, Sir Iohn; I know you Sir Iohn, you oweme money Sir Iohn, & now you picke a quarrell to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of Shirtes to your backe.

Fal. Doulas, filthy Doulas: I haue giuen them away to Bakers wiues, they haue made Boulters of them.

Host. Now as I am a true woman, Holland of viij. s. an ell: you owe money heere besides, Sir Iohn, for your diet, and by drinkings, and mony lent you, xxiiij. pound.

Fal. He had his part of it, let him pay.

Host. He? alas he is poore, he hath nothing.

Fal. How; poore? looke vpon his face: What call you rich? let them coine his Nose, let them coine his cheekes, Ile not pay a denyer: what, will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine Inne, but I shall haue my pocket pickt? I haue lost a seale Ring of my Grandfathers worth fortie marke.

Host. O Iesu, I haue heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that Ring was Copper.

Fal. How? the Prince is a lacke, a sneak-cup: Zblound and hee were here, I would cudgel him like a Dog, if he would say so.

*Enter the Prince marching, and Falstaffe meets him  
Playing on his Trunchion like a Fife.*

Fal. How now Lad, is the wind in that doorey faith, Must we all march?

Bar. Yea, two and two; Newgate fashion.

Host. My Lord, I pray you heare me.

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Prin.

